

Chociaż my widzieli, Ale nieżywego, Z tamtej strony bystrej wody, Miečem przebitego. Z tamtej strony bystrej wody, Miečem przebitego.	Oh ! yes, we have seen him, Though he was not alive, Across the swift water, But pierced with swords. Across the swift water, But pierced with swords.
Wyskočyla Marynia Z wysckiego ganku. <sup>31</sup> Oj ! wyrwała ostry mieč Z Jasieńka kochanka. Oj ! wyrwała ostry mieč Z Jasieńka kochanka.	Mary sped down The steep steps of her house. She pulled the sharp sword Out of John her beloved. She pulled the sharp sword Out of John her beloved.
Wyrwała, wyrwała,  Sama sie przebiła, Niechaj ojciec, matka wiedza, Że wiernie lubiła. Niechaj ojciec, matka wiedza, Że wiernie lubiła.	She wrenched it forth, she wrenched it forth  And with it pierced herself, Now father and mother will know How truly I loved him. Now father and mother will know How truly I loved him.
Ojciec, matka nie wiedzieli,  O takoj przygodzi, Że popłylo para ludzi, Jak liści pa wodzi. Że popłylo para ludzi, Jak liści pa wodzi.	But her father and mother knew naught  Of what had befallen, That two bodies were floating Like leaves upon water. That two bodies were floating Like leaves upon water.

H. IWANOWSKA.  
(*The late*) H. ONSLOW.

<sup>31</sup> *Ganku*. The steps and porch-way, or sometimes the outer hall, of White Ruthenian houses are called *ganek* (Fr. *perron*).

#### ALGERIAN FOLKTALES I.

THE two first of the following tales were recounted to me at various times by Basha Bashir, the aged Kaïd, or chief, of a section of the Ouled Ziane tribe, the migration of which from Morocco to south-eastern Algeria as the result of the magical disappearance of a bride I have described in *Folk-Lore*.<sup>1</sup>

The tribe claims to be of Arab descent, but frequent inter-

<sup>1</sup> Vol. xxvi. p. 227.

marriage with the Shawia Berbers of the Aurès hills, at the foot of which the Ouled Ziane nomads wander with their flocks, appears to have left little of the Arab in these people save the language which they speak. In the days of Basha's youth, (he is now over seventy years of age), lions were common enough in Algeria, whence they have now entirely disappeared. Upon one occasion he was watching his family's flocks in the Wed Taga district during the summer in company with his father, who was engaged in prayer at the moment, when Basha perceived a lion, crouched ready to spring upon one of his sheep. Basha and the flock were much frightened, but his father concluded his devotions before calmly facing the lion and addressing it in these terms,—“Thou art a dog, oh lion”; whereupon the animal, ashamed, slunk off, leaving the flock unmolested.

Basha's father informed him that the lion will never attack a man who faces it boldly since the ancient times when the species received the following lesson in the courage and resourcefulness of man.

I.—In the days when beasts had the power of speech the lions were in the habit of referring to mankind as “sons of women.” One day a young lion was boasting to his mother of his strength and prowess, when the latter informed him that he would meet his master in a “son of woman.” The young animal thereupon started forth to seek out a member of the human race, with which he was unacquainted, in order to prove his superiority, thus challenged by his mother. He first encountered a camel, and, before attacking it, enquired if it were a “son of woman”; upon the camel hastily denying any relation to the human species, the lion left it in peace and continued his quest. He next met with a bullock, and repeated his question, leaving the animal alone when he found that it did not represent the game he was seeking. After encountering and questioning a number of other animals, the lion at last found a man in the act of felling a tree, who confessed that he was a “son of woman.”

The lion at once defied the man to mortal combat, which the latter accepted upon the condition that the lion should first help him to accomplish his task of felling the tree, a small one,

which he had already so far cut through that he could slightly bend its trunk. To this the lion agreed.

Now, in order to facilitate the bending down and breaking of the tree the man had driven his axe, like a wedge, into the cut he had made in its trunk ; he requested the lion to insert its fore-claws into this cut to take the place of the axe, with which, when removed, he could continue to chop at the tree from the opposite side.

The unsuspecting lion inserted his claws as directed, and the man knocked away the axe, with the result that the tree trunk, regaining its vertical position, closed upon the lion's claws, holding them with the grip of a vice, the "son of woman" thus being enabled to slay the now defenceless lion with the axe without difficulty or danger to himself.

Hence the lion's respect for the human race, to which the Emir Abd el Kader has referred in a chapter contributed by him to General Daumas' *Horses of the Sahara*, in which he says that the natives of Algeria can distinguish in the roar of the lion the words *ahna ou ben el mera*<sup>2</sup> (I and the son of woman), and that, as the animal uses the word *ahna* (I) but once while it twice repeats *ben el mera* (son of woman), the natives conclude that the lion recognizes no other superior to itself than man.

II.—Solomon, son of David, king of the Jews, was once requested by a woman, whose favours he desired, to build her a house of eggs.

The infatuated monarch ordered all birds and fishes to bring him their eggs with which to gratify the lady's whim, and all obeyed except the sparrow and the hoopoe, who were accordingly summoned to the royal presence to explain their neglect of duty.

The sparrow excused herself on the ground that her egg was too insignificant an offering to lay before so mighty a monarch, but the hoopoe dared to reply,—“I was too busy to bring my egg, as I was engaged in considering which is the longer, the day or the night.” “And which did you find the longer ? ” enquired the king. “The day,” replied the hoopoe, “for the moon adds to its length.” In further excuse for her neglect

<sup>2</sup> The spelling is that of the English translation of Daumas' work.

the bird added that she had been wondering which were the more numerous, the living or the dead, and had arrived at the conclusion that the former out-numbered the latter, since the recently departed and the great and famous are talked of as if they were yet alive. Pressed for further reasons for disobeying the royal command, the hoopoe added,—“ I was wondering which were the most numerous in the world, women or men, and I found that women were the more plentiful ; for fools, such as yourself, who try to build houses of eggs, I do not class as men at all.”

King Solomon, enraged at this reply, sentenced the hoopoe to stink in the nostrils of mankind till the end of the world, in consequence of which, according to native belief, the bird smells evil to this day.

The two tales which follow I learned from members of the sedentary Arab population of El Kantara, thirty miles to the north of Biskra.

III.—A wealthy Arab was leading his mule, laden with gold, by the chain of its bridle across the dry bed of a stream at the foot of a range of mountains. Suddenly, as frequently occurs in Algeria when heavy rain falls on the hill tops, a mighty volume of water rushed down from the high country, completely filling the river bed and sweeping away the loaded mule with such force that the bridle chain broke when the Arab attempted to save it.

Later, when the flood had subsided and the stream once more became dry, the man went to search for his lost mule with its golden load.

Searching in the bed of the river he found a single hair protruding from the dry mud, and, pulling it gently, discovered that it belonged to a buried animal. He quickly cleared away the deposit of mud left by the flood, and there found his mule with its charge of gold intact. As a result of this the Arabs say that fortune comes to a man at the pull of a hair, but, when it leaves him, even a chain will not avail to check its flight.

IV.—Two Arab hunters once rode out a long way into the desert in search of game. In the midst of the wilderness one of them remarked to the other,—“ Here I could cut thy throat

as that of a sheep, and no man be the wiser." The other replied,—"I should have a witness in God Himself." "I slay thee," said the first speaker, "now let thy witness help thee!" and, so saying, cut his companion's throat.

For years no man knew what had become of the victim, but, upon the scene of the crime, there grew up a great vine which bore grapes of a prodigious size. At last these grapes opened, and from each issued a bird endowed with the power of speech.

The birds, thus liberated, proclaimed the circumstances of the slaying, and denounced the murderer by name.

M. W. HILTON-SIMPSON.

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FOLKTALES FROM THE PANJAB, IV.<sup>1</sup>

IV. *A Tale of King Solomon.*

BEFORE the Shirānis came and took possession of the tract of country known as Shirāni-land, it was inhabited by the tribe of Beni Israil or the Jews. Their king, Sulaimān, had his throne on the top of one of the highest peaks of the Sulaimān range of mountains, and it has ever since been known as the Takht-i-Suleimān, or Throne of Solomon. Many are the legends which the tribes of the country round tell of the wonderful powers of this astute monarch. It is related of him that he once lost his ring in a river, and calling all the fairies and water demons to his aid ordered that a thorough search should be made. The fairies were unsuccessful, but the demons found out that the ring had fallen into the mouth of a fish which had been caught by a fisherman. The man was brought before the king, who commanded him to deliver up the ring. The fisherman replied that his daughter on cutting open the fish had found the king's ring inside, and that she would not give it up unless the king promised to marry her. Sulaimān agreed to the proposal, and shortly afterwards their marriage was celebrated.

King Sulaimān had countries on the west side of the mountains that bear his name as well as on the east, and not long

<sup>1</sup>Continued from vol. xxxii., pp. 211-3, 271-3; vol. xxxiii., pp. 122-4.

reflected in the Scandinavian belief that men's souls are always female, in the Welsh belief that the fairies were all women, and in the Irish tradition that fairyland was inhabited entirely by women. (See G. Schütte, *Folk-Lore*, vol. XXXV. (1924), p. 362; Sir John Rhys, *Celtic Folk-Lore etc.*, pp. 245, 661).

The deer's antlers are probably to be referred to memories of a deer-cult. There are abundant indications of the former existence in the Highlands of such a cult. There was also a cult of gigantic deer-goddesses, who owned the herds of deer, and there are several tales of witches who are obviously priestesses of the deer-cult or of the deer-goddesses, for in some cases they bear the names of their patronesses. Some of the witches or priestesses appear to live in distant islands. In Islay's *Popular Tales*, vol. iv., p. 270 or 296, the Island of Deer is mentioned. In it was a magic well, by washing in the waters of which the heroine's skin, which had been coloured green by "Druids," recovers its natural colour. The Seven Big Women of the Isle of Jura, who are undoubtedly deer-goddesses, occur *ibid.*, vol. ii., Tale No. 46, and the name Jura is known to be derived from Old Norse *dyr-ey*, deer isle (Prof. W. J. Watson, *Rosg Gàidhlig*, 268).

J. G. MCKAY.

#### ALGERIAN FOLKTALES, II.

IV. Once there was a man who had seven wives and seven mares, but the wives had no children and the mares no foals. So he asked advice, and a wise man said,—“ Go to a forest and get seven sticks ; break a stick on every mare. Go to market and buy seven apples ; give every one of your wives an apple.” He did so, and the seven mares had foals and his seven wives had children. Five had noble sons, one had a blind girl, and one had a negro boy. One day the six boys were riding out of the town, and the five said, “ Let us get rid of the negro boy.” So they turned him away from them, and he returned crying to his father.

One day the blind sister called to them, and said,—“ Choose, my brothers, the one who is strong amongst you, and he will

go to the house of the daughter of the Chief of the Christians, and bring me back her soap ; then I shall wash my eyes with it, and recover my sight." They all said,—" We are ready." All the six started together, but again they wished to get rid of the negro. So they struck him. At this place was a large stone, and the road divided. The negro said,—" I will leave a feather under this stone. If one of us returns by this road, he will take out the feather and burn it." The five went by one road, and the negro by the other.

The five went along the road until they saw a castle. They went in to pass the night. There were women in the castle who welcomed them, and said,—" This is our custom. Each one of you will choose a woman, and if in the morning she is asleep on his lap he will marry her, but if he is asleep on her lap she will take all his possessions." Each brother took a woman, but after a little the women went out, each saying,—" I shall change my clothes," and another woman came. She said,—" I will go and put kohl on my eyes," and another came, so that the men became tired and slept. Then the women took all their possessions, and turned them out. They walked until they found a Mozabite<sup>1</sup> burning charcoal, so they stopped and worked for him.

The negro went along the road until he came to some corn. He let his horse eat the corn. A ghoul appeared, and the negro fought with him and killed him, and took away his flesh, and continued his journey. Then the negro found a large and blind vulture ; he had seven young ones who were always looking for food for their father, but never found enough to satisfy him. The negro gave the vulture the ghoul's flesh, and satisfied

<sup>1</sup> Mozabites are Berbers living almost due south of Algiers. They are most industrious, but hated by the Arabs. They are Ibadite Mohammedans, a sect which is still to be found also in Oman and in the island of Jerba, and which came into existence as follows :—When 'Ali was Khalifah, disputes arose with Mu'awiyyah, and 'Ali wished to refer the matter to arbitration. Part of the Mohammedans then said to 'Ali,—" You are a Khalifah. It is your business to fight Mu'awiyyah, if necessary, and not to arbitrate." 'Ali still wished to arbitrate, and told his dissentients that they went out (*kharaj*) from his authority for suggesting this.

him. The vulture said,—“What do you want, because you have satisfied me?” The negro said,—“I want to cross the sea, and return.” The vulture said,—“Sit down until I call to you.” The negro went and filled his bag again with the ghoul’s flesh, and sat down until the children of the vulture came back. The first one who returned said,—“Open your mouth, father.” The old vulture said,—“Put the results of your hunting there. I am satisfied.” All the seven children of the vulture brought food, and the old vulture said to all,—“I am satisfied.” Then the old vulture said,—“Choose the strongest one amongst you to take this negro across the sea and to come back with him.” The eldest young vulture said he would do it in a year, and all offered to do it in less time. The youngest said,—“I will take him in the morning, and return with him in the afternoon.” So they started. Every time the young vulture flapped his wings the negro sitting on his back threw him a piece of ghoul’s flesh. So they crossed the sea. The negro went to a Jew, and said,—“Make me a golden cock. I will go inside it, and it will walk by itself.” The Jew did so, and the negro went to the house of the daughter of the Chief of the Christians. In the house he found the daughter of the Chief of the Christians asleep. Her custom was to sleep for a month, and to be awake for a month. Then the negro changed rings with her, and changed soap with her, and got on the vulture and returned to his horse, which he found as fat as a fish.<sup>2</sup> So he mounted and rode to the stone.

The negro found that the feather was still under the stone, so he knew his brothers had not returned. Then he said,—“The road which has eaten my brothers shall eat me also.” So he went along the road, until he saw some smoke; and then he saw his brothers were there, working and making charcoal. They knew him, but he did not know them, because their faces were blackened with charcoal. They said to him,—“What are you looking for?” He answered,—“I am looking for my brothers.” They wept and embraced him, and said,—“We are your brothers.” Then they told him what had happened

<sup>2</sup>The idea is that a fish is always fat, as you can’t see its ribs.

to them. The negro told the Mozabite that he must release his brothers, or he would kill him. So the Mozabite let them go, and then the negro went with his brothers to the castle of the women. The women welcomed them as before, and proposed the same conditions. Then the negro chose a woman, but when she wanted to change her clothes he said,—“Here are some,” and when she wanted to put kohl on her eyes he said,—“Here is some,” so that, when the morning came, the woman was asleep on his lap. So each man took a woman and their money and their clothes, and went along the road until they were thirsty. They found a well, but no one would go down it until the negro said,—“I will go down.” So they let him down with a rope, and they all drank. Then they cut the rope, and left him. Then they quarrelled about his horse, but the horse remained at the well. They then returned to their father, the sultan, who said to them,—“Where is your brother?” They replied,—“We do not know. We got rid of him the first day.”

A mueddin went up a minaret to call to prayer and saw the horse, and thought it was thirsty. So he went with a rope to the well, and saw the negro in the well, but was unable to pull him out; so he tied the rope to the horse, who pulled him out. Then the mueddin took the negro to his house.

The daughter of the Chief of the Christians then came to the sultan’s palace, and said,—“Where is your son the negro?” The sultan said,—“I do not know. He went with his brothers, his brothers have returned, but he has not returned.” The daughter of the Chief of the Christians said to the brothers,—“Where is your brother the negro?” They said,—“We do not know.” So she cut off all their heads. Then she said to the sultan,—“If you do not tell me where your son (the negro) is, I will cut off your head too. You have three days to find him.” So the sultan sent a crier, who said,—“He who has found my son, or has seen him, I will give him half my money.” Then the mueddin said to the sultan,—“Here he is with me.” Then the daughter of the Chief of the Christians rejoiced, and said to the negro,—“You will go with me,” and the negro said,—“You must cover the ground from here to your house with

silk, so that my horse can walk on it." So she took him to her house, and he stopped and worked for her and her father.

V. *Why people fast for a month* (Ramadan). Once upon a time, everyone fasted for a day in each year; then God collected all the birds and animals, and said to them,—" You know that men fast for a day every year. Do you think that they could fast longer? Or ought they not to fast at all? " So then the vulture got up and said,—" O God, let men fast every day in the year. They will be able to eat at night." God replied,—" No, men cannot do that, and because you have advised me to tell them to do it, be dumb." So now the vulture never speaks; it is dumb like a mouse. Then the hare got up and said,—" O God, let men fast for a month every year." God replied,—" Yes, they can do that." So God commanded that every man should fast for a month every year. That is why the Mohammedans hate the hare. [Told by Messoud ben El Hadj, from Barika, Dept. of Constantine.]

VI. [This is a common child's tale]. Once there was a man who had seven sons, seven goats, and a wife. One day he said to the eldest son,—" Go out with the goats to-day, and find pasture for them." So the eldest son went, and found plenty of grass and water. They ate and drank and were satisfied. When the goats came home in the evening, the man said to them,—" Are you hungry? " and the goats said,—" Yes." Then he said,—" Are you thirsty? " and the goats said,—" Yes." So the man believed them, and killed his son. The next day he sent another son with the goats. He found plenty of pasture for them, but when they came back to the house they said,—" We are hungry and thirsty." So the man killed his second son. This went on until he killed all his sons. The next day he sent his wife, but the goats lied again, and he killed her. The next day he went himself with the goats. He found plenty of grass and water, and when the goats came home he said,—" Are you hungry and thirsty? " and they said,—" Yes." So then he knew they were liars, and he killed them all except one, who ran away into the mountains. Here in the mountains she found a house, and had two kids. One day the old goat left the two kids at home, and went out to find

grass for them. An evil spirit came and knocked at the door of the house. The kids said,—“Come in.” So the evil spirit (Bāzghugh) entered and killed the two kids. When the old goat came home, she found the house empty, and she said,—“The person who has killed my two kids must appear.” So the evil spirit appeared, and the goat killed him with her horns. [From Biskra.]

VII. Once there was a man called Ramadan, who went for a journey in the Sahara. When night came he went to a tent, and asked for hospitality. The owner of the tent gave him food, and asked his name. The man replied,—“Ramadan.” The owner of the tent was ignorant, and had never heard of a man called Ramadan before, and thought that he was the cause of the fast every year. So at night, when his guest slept, he killed him. After a few months, a sheikh came to the Arab and said,—“Don’t forget that next month is Ramadan, and you must fast.” The Arab replied,—“No, I shan’t fast any more, because Ramadan was my guest a short time ago and I killed him. So now there is no more Ramadan.”<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>3</sup> Ramadan is used as a name among the Arabs, but it is rather an uncommon one. [It is a name given in Persia to boys born during the month. ED.]

[In Johnston’s *Tales from a Moorish Nursery*, p. 35, is a story of the well-known Foolish Catherine type (where the fool gives the bacon or what not to a man who says he is Christmas or Winter). Ali brought home salted meat every week to his wife saying,—“Keep this for Ramadan.” One evening a caravan passing cried to the reapers in the field near by,—“Ramadan is with us.” The foolish woman hastily collected the salt meat, and presented it to the rider of the leading camel. “Here, my lord, is our poor tribute to Ramadan, the cherished of Heaven.”]

W. R. HALLIDAY.]

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### BONDEI FOLKTALES, I.<sup>1</sup>

THESE stories were collected from Bondei lads in the Mission School at Msalabani, in the early nineties. My plan was to

<sup>1</sup> The notes are by Miss A. Werner. Bondei is in the Tanganyika Territory, extending between the Isambara hills and the coast near Tanga and Pangam, *Bonde* meaning “low-lying country” and *i* being the locative termination.